Communication

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by kitsunechibiko

Summary

Standing outside the entrance of the BAU, Will anxiously waits for the line to pick up. As soon as he hears the call connect, he blurts, “I don’t think I’ll be able to come to dinner, tonight.”

There’s a brief pause. Hannibal’s probably trying to rethink his choices for dinner. And boyfriends. “Is there a case?”

“No. Just…” He briefly considers lying to Hannibal, but if he can tell the man that he’s been losing time, then he can tell him this. “My dads are in town.”

Phone Call Interlude

Chapter Notes

> We'll get to the dinner, I promise. This is some more exposition. I recently realized that this fic ACTUALLY MAKES SENSE. Kinda. It turned out much less Crack-y than I was expecting.
>
> Thanks, everyone previous and current, for all the kudos and comments! They really make my day! I'm so glad that people are enjoying this idea!
>
> Thank you for reading! I hope I made you smile.

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“No. Just…” He briefly considers lying to Hannibal, but if he can tell the man that he’s been losing time, then he can tell him this. “My dads are in town.”

There’s a longer pause this time. Will has no idea what Hannibal is thinking.

“Invite them to dinner.” The doctor sounds firm, as if the only inconvenience is the seat planning and not the extensive lies of omission comprising his newly-minted significant other.

“You don’t want to talk about this? I mean, I have two dads!”

“And I shall get to know them over dinner.”

The special agent drags a hand down his face. “I can’t believe you’re just… okay with all of this.”

“It is no hardship to get to know more about you.”

Will lets out a small huff and drops his hand. “Is that your ‘psychiatrist’ showing?”

“That is my ‘attentive boyfriend’ showing.” Hearing Hannibal’s cultured voice saying “boyfriend” never gets any less strange. “Now, I’ll be needing more time to prepare dinner. Everything should be ready by 7:30. Is that alright?”

“You’re sure about this? I’m warning you now, one of my dads is not exactly… a people person.” He looks over to where his dads are conversing near his car. Not that he even told them which car was his. Dad probably deduced it.

“Will. We have broken bread with Freddie Lounds. It can’t possibly be more unpleasant than that.”

The special agent lets out a nervous laugh. “Yeah…”

“Which reminds me. Do either of your fathers have special dietary needs?”

Will takes a moment to think it over. “Not really. I mean, Dad probably won’t eat much; he’s not usually interested in food. And Papa generally drinks British tea or beer.”

Will can hear the smile in Hannibal’s voice when he says, “’Dad’ and ‘Papa’. Will I be expected to call them as such?”

The curly-haired man feels his face flush. “No!” he stammers out. “You can just call them by their names: Sherlock and John.”

“Sherlock and John Graham.” He sounds like he’s tasting the words.

“Uh, no. Sherlock Holmes and John Watson. It’s… It’s complicated.” And he has no clue how he’s ever going to explain this.

“Either way, I shall look forward to meeting them. I’m afraid I need to get started on dinner. I will see you soon, Will.”

“Bye, Hannibal.” He wants to say thank you without sounding pathetically grateful but doesn’t know how. “I, um, I’m sorry about all the hassle.”

“It’s no problem at all.”

And with that, the call ends.

Great.

His dads are going to meet his boyfriend.

His boyfriend is going to meet his *dads*.

Okay, so Papa won't be that bad, but Dad? Will can already picture that thing Hannibal does when he’s trying to hide his disgust at rudeness: that going-still-and-blinking-once thing.

Maybe Dad will behave for once. Maybe everyone will survive this dinner.

…Fuck.

Phone Call Interlude: Second Movement

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A few metres away

Sherlock leads them through the car park, irritated that John has decided to berate him.

“You shouldn’t have argued with his boss!”

“His boss is an idiot!”

“Yes! And so are you for yelling at him!”

The detective stops and turns around before shouting, “Oh, shut up, John!”

“Really? You’re telling me to—“

“Shut up, yes! I’m trying to listen to William’s phone call.”

John accepts this and looks over his shoulder. “Who’s he calling?”

Having gathered the significant data, Sherlock turns back and continues their trek. “Obviously his significant other.” Really, as much as he loves his retired blogger, he can still be quite thick, sometimes.

“Will’s *dating* someone?”

“Of course he is! Why else would he be so keen to get us out of the way for his phone call?”

The taller man weaves through a few more cars.

“Where are we even going?”

The detective sometimes forgets that he has to actually *tell* his husband these things. Even though he’ll always follow, regardless. “William’s car is the station wagon in the fifth row.”

“Did you deduce that or has Mycroft been texting you?”

"I never read Mycroft's texts," Sherlock grumbles. He then goes through his usual explanation sequence, visualizing every scene as it happened. “William scanned the car park when we first got outside. His eyes stopped in the fifth row right of the center. A nondescript, plain-coloured, well-kept yet beat-up station wagon corresponds perfectly with a man hoping to avoid attention and care for a pack of dogs.” Sherlock turns to receive John’s undying praise.

The doctor smiles. “I love you, you insufferable prick.”

Good enough.

They arrive at the car. He was right. Sherlock counts seven types of dog fur. He's busy trying to identify exactly what breeds of dog William has when his John-filter picks up a noise.

"Did you ask something?"

"Yes. Twice." The shorter man just rolls his eyes amiably. "What are they talking about?"

Right. William's significant other.

Sherlock looks over and reads his son's lips.

"Food. Tea and beer. Oh! We've been invited for dinner. Yes, they must have had plans; we were rather abrupt with our visit."

"It's called a surprise, Sherlock. Dinner, though? So we'll be meeting Will's girlfriend, tonight?"

He is still focused on William as he answers, "Boyfriend. Unless Hannibal is a pet name or surname."

"Really?" John chuckles to himself but then sighs. "He's been rather mum about his life, lately, hasn't he?"

The detective recalls a stark image of his son: darkness under eyes, pronounced eye bags, prominent wrinkles in brow, slight sheen of sweat, sallow complexion. "It's because there's something wrong. Did you notice?"

"He did look very tired, once all the fuss was over. It must be the case, the Chesapeake Ripper."

"Such a trite name for a murderer of such high caliber."

"I'll just pretend you didn't compliment a serial killer again, shall I? Cheers."

"Narcissistic serial killer cannibal with a god complex. Most likely European," he couldn't help but correct.

"You know this just from the photos?" John sounds impressed again. Good.

"It's easy enough to deduce. I'm surprised William hasn't caught the man, yet. He must be exceptionally skilled."

"Yes, because our William is just as entirely infallible as his father."

"Infallible? You're constantly expressing how I regularly miscalculate—" Sherlock looks quizzically at his husband. "Wait. Was that sarcasm?"

“Why, yes, thank you for noticing, World’s First Consulting Detective.” Additional sarcasm, then.

A familiar voice prevents the detective’s reply. “Nice to see the love hasn’t died.”

They turn to see William walking toward them.

“Will!” John wastes no time embracing their son. Must they do this every time William returns from being more than two metres away? “So, do you have something you’d like to tell us?” the former soldier asks with slight admonishment.

Their son sighs heavily. “You already know, don’t you?”

Sherlock relays the facts quickly. “We are having dinner with your significant other, Hannibal, who I assume is a man.”

William just sighs again. His son should know better by now. His teenage years with his fathers were very awkward and radically honest. “Yeah, dinner’s at 7:30. Just… Try not to be more horrible than usual, okay, Dad? It seems Hannibal can tolerate *my* personality deficiencies, but I don’t want to push it.”

John responds assuredly, placing a hand on the agent’s shoulder. “You don’t have *any* deficiencies, Will, and don’t worry; I’ll keep him in line.”

His son thwarts the detective before he can express his displeasure of being controlled. “What do you wanna do until dinner? Wolftrap’s too far away to drop off your stuff and then come back.”

“How about we grab a cuppa?” The doctor smiles pleasantly. “Then you can tell us all about your boyfriend.”

Sherlock shares a cringe with William. He doesn’t need his powers of deduction to know that this conversation is going to be quite painful for his son.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you, Corrosive_Moon, for being my wonderful beta! I love you!

Also, feel free to kindly correct any Britishisms or lack of as far as Sherlock and John are concerned. I noticed I seemed to give most of them to John, lol.

The next part is the dinner. Everyone's excited for the dinner. But please give me a bit longer to update this time. I don't know if the dinner scene will be chaptered, or if I'll post all parts seperately or in one go. I've got a list of stuff I want to happen and no idea yet how to put it all together. :)

So please subscribe to the series and not the previous stories if you want to know when I put up something new.

Thank you all for reading, liking, commenting, and/or subscribing to my series!

(EDITED 7-19-16: Over 1,000 Hits! This is amazing! Thank you!)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!